

102 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, MONDAY, APRIL 12, 1897.

AN OBJECT LESS-
SON IN TRUST
METHODS.

The threat of the Carnegie Armor Plate Trust to shut down its works unless the Government shall come to its terms promises to be productive of good in several ways. The trust refuses to make armor plate at the maximum price fixed by Congress, \$300 a ton, at which a large profit can be earned. Its demand for armoring the Illinois, Alabama and Wisconsin, now under construction, if granted, would put about \$2,000,000 more into the trust's pocket than the Congressional maximum would yield. The Carnegie combine has, it is affirmed, supplied foreign governments with armor at \$150 a ton. It has drawn immense sums from the United States Treasury for its products, including plates honeycombed with blowholes, the location of which is known to the European powers with whose navies it is always possible we may have fighting to do.

The trust is standing off, and by its threat of closing the mills in effect asks the Government, What are you going to do about it?

The answer of Secretary of the Navy Long is the recommendation to Congress that it raise the maximum to \$400 a ton. He argues that the cost of keeping the unfinished war ships in the stocks would amount to more than the cost of surrendering to the trust. Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, former Secretary of the Navy, displays a different spirit. It is announced from Washington that he will introduce a bill providing that the Government shall immediately take possession of the Carnegie and Bethlehem steel plants, run them until enough armor for the three incomplete battle ships is supplied, and then turn the works back to their rapacious owners, leaving the trust to go into the Court of Claims for its damages.

It is mortifying that the Government of the United States should be made wholly dependent upon a manufacturing monopoly for armor for its war ships—a monopoly which has derived from that Government the wealth which gives it the courage to be insolent. It would serve the trust right, of course, were Senator Chandler's bill to become a law; it would serve the trust right were its works to be confiscated without compensation. Were war threatening and the unfinished ships needed for national defense, and the companies maintained their present attitude, it would serve the managers of the trust right should they be dealt with as traitors.

But business is business, after all. The Government having created a monopoly, it is not surprising that the monopoly should act after its kind. Were there extreme need for the immediate armoring of the Illinois, Alabama and Wisconsin, all other considerations would give way to national need, and the seizure of the works be politic as well as just. However, desirable as it is to strengthen our navy without needless delay, there is no urgent necessity for the bold course proposed by Senator Chandler.

The lesson of the situation is that the Government should cease as soon as practicable to be dependent upon private persons for armor. The Government should build and armor all its own ships. It is rich enough to do it, and there is no good reason why it should not. However impudent and greedy the Carnegie Trust may be, it appears to us that it keeps within its legal rights when it agrees to supply armor or refuses to supply armor at its pleasure, if it is bound by no contrary contract.

The trusts which control the necessities and comforts of the continually and on system hold up the people as the Carnegie Trust is now holding up the Government. The experience will do the Government no harm, and it is gratifying to reflect that in the end it will do the trusts no good. Every exposure of their methods hastens the day of their suppression.

THE PARTY
IN THE
TARIFF TRAP.

The Republican party would like well to let go its hold on the tariff bear, but how that is to be done the party does not know. And it is not in human nature to be sorry for the party, which used to have moral ideas. How it got into its present plight is history; how it can free itself without suffering tremendous damage no man can see.

In order to dodge the financial issue, the leaders of the party determined upon the nomination of Major McKinley, the most conspicuous representative of the protective policy. The delegates to the National Convention were secured for him in the determination to offer battle to the Democracy once more on the tariff, the plain expectation being that the masses could be persuaded that "free trade," as represented by the hodge-podge Wilson law, was responsible for the hard times. The financial issue forced itself to the fore last year as it will again, in spite of all the efforts to keep it in the background, but the party was committed to McKinley, and in response to the needs of the situation he transformed himself into a champion of the gold standard. Once elected, however, President McKinley and his party returned to their original purpose. The finances were side-tracked, the tariff pushed into front place and the extra session of Congress called. The Republican organization, in pursuing this course, was obedient to habit of thought, to tradition, to the profound instinct of the party of property and privilege. It being the settled Republican belief that the great majority of the American people harbored the delusions of protection, what more natural than that the party should hasten to frame the Dingley bill and strive to give the country more protection than ever it had before? It is true that the Democratic adherents of the gold standard who deserted their party and elected McKinley were known to want no protective tariff, but they had served their turn at the polls, and were not to be considered in comparison with the protection-desiring Republican masses. The party was true to itself when it ignored the wishes of the Democratic bolters and the mugwumps.

A surprise has been given the Republicans that analyzes them. The recent elections have disclosed the astonishing fact that protection is no longer popular—that the masses have been educated into understanding the fact that they are not to be made prosperous by Congress taxing what they consume, and that the prosperity of the people who monopolize money is the adversity of those who have only labor or labor's products to sell. More than that, the masses have awakened to the knowledge that no protective tariff can be framed except under the orders of men and combinations which have come to regard government merely as an agency for increasing their private profits by licensing them to take from the people that which by right should go into the public treasury. The masses have learned that protection, however artfully disguised, is an elaborate scheme of robbery under which the poor are necessarily the sufferers. The masses have been taught by impoverishing experience that the device of enriching the employer on the theory that he will divide his tariff loot with his workmen is a plan for maintaining and increasing wages which does not work. Inspired by their later wisdom, the masses have condemned the Dingley bill in advance. This

anticipatory verdict is, incidentally, a stunning reply to the retroactive provision of the new tariff.

The trusts and other combines and individuals with axes to grind that opened their purses to Mr. Hanna for the election of McKinley, the preservation of the gold standard and the blessings of protection have had their way in the House of Representatives. The party of protection and special privileges carried the monstrous Dingley bill through that chamber with a rush, and turned to the country for applause. It hears instead from every quarter the angry rumbling of a Democratic ground swell in protest against this patent prostitution of the taxing power of Government—against this open alliance of a great political party with all the sordid interests which are in alliance to plunder the public through legislation.

That the party should be dazed is but natural; that the Republican Senators should be in a quandary as to what should be their policy—whether to second the action of the House or give heed to the public voice and beat a retreat—is natural, too. But it is also natural that the Democrats of the Senate should resolve to let the Republicans find their own way out of their quandary. The party of McKinley has walked deliberately into the trap which has sprung upon it. On the one side are the trusts demanding that the Dingley bill shall become law, on the other are the people ardently resolved to punish the party if it shall continue in its allegiance to the trusts.

When but half way through with its tariff work, the protection-drunk Republican party discovers that at last the people understand, and that protection is played out.

HUMAN
MISERY
RELIEVED.

Yesterday the Journal announced the end for the season of the work of its Relief Bureau, opened on January 28 last. Starting the fund with a contribution of \$1,000, the Journal soon received contributions of money which made a total of \$10,000. Clothing, fuel and orders for other necessities flowed in. No fewer than 212,000 meals were supplied to suffering families, 15,000 women and children were provided with clothing, 5,750 women and children were shod, 1,500 men were given clothes and shoes, 2,500 families were provided with coal, employment was secured for 178 persons, rent was paid to keep roofs over the heads of 238 families who otherwise would have been evicted into the wintry streets. Furniture was furnished to others in utter destitution and medicine procured for the sick. The expense of conducting the Relief Bureau was borne by the Journal.

In reviewing its efforts to lessen misery in this city, the Journal experiences unalloyed satisfaction. In conjunction with generous men and women, who have hearts to feel for the woes of the wretched, it gave some comfort, some little happiness to many thousands, and doubtless saved not a few human lives.

It is part of the "new journalism" to do more than ask others to act, and we are quite sure that the world will be none the worse off for such charity—a charity which meets emergencies by giving prompt succor, and does not pause when it sees a man or a woman or a child hungry and freezing to demand how the victim of poverty came into this dreadful extremity. The Journal is willing that while it engages in rescuing the perishing, profound philosophers like Mr. Teddy Roosevelt and the do-nothing practitioners of the sere-and-yellow journalism, should start off and utter the platitudes of a bowless political economy. That is not the sort of political economy which satisfies either the intellect or heart of men and women who are not anxious to rid themselves wholly of care for their less able or less fortunate fellow creatures. There is a profounder political economy than that of the Roosevelt, the small people who are incapable of seeing things largely. Christ was an expounder of the political economy we have in mind.

In the presence of poverty such as the Relief Bureau grappled with in a great and wealthy city, there is a paramount duty to perform, and the Journal has not been unfaithful to it. When people were sinking under want and cold during the earlier storms of the Winter and this newspaper dispatched supplies of food and fuel everywhere in wagons, and while the Relief Bureau later did its offices of mercy, the Journal took occasion to enjoin upon the thoughtful the obligation of realizing that, though no humane man can reconcile it with his sense of right to withhold charity from the starving, the truth remains that charity is no cure for poverty. It is incumbent upon every one who is not content to live for himself alone to ask if the social conditions which sink multitudes in penury while a few are gorged with wealth are just conditions, rational conditions?

That is the social problem to which the people of this young and rich Republic are awakening. Until it is solved—until we have a state of society in which no industrious man, willing to work, can go hungry—there will be need of charity. To refuse it in obedience to the teachings of a political economy that is as shallow as it is heartless may satisfy the narrow-minded, the egotistical and the mean, but, happily for the welfare of humanity, there are too many men and women with souls for such a theory generally to prevail.

If next Winter's harvest of poverty in New York is as horrible as that of the Winter that is past, the Journal's Relief Bureau will be reopened, and no human being who may be in miserable, suffering need of food, clothing, fire or shelter will be turned away.

THE
EASTER
JOURNAL.

The Easter edition of the Journal, issued yesterday, made an era in American journalism. Its one hundred and sixteen pages presented a mass of reading which for variety and interest could not well be surpassed. The literary talent of the day combined to produce it. In its pictorial features it touched the highest point yet reached by newspaper art in black and white and color. The musical world who are sure will give an appreciative reception to Mascagni's Easter anthem, the beautiful words of which, by Paul West, cannot but enhance the reputation of that poet. The welcome accorded the Easter Journal by the public, as manifested by the enormous sale, demonstrates the popular readiness to recognize well directed effort.

Congressman Simpson's demand that the committees of the House be appointed is met with the threat to appoint the Elections Committee and unseat those Democratic members who have contested pending against them. This exhibition of latter day statesmanship will doubtless have a most impressive effect on the country.

The announcement that the defaulting bank officials out in Chicago are to be prosecuted is rather surprising to them. They were under the impression that the hard work they performed last year for the preservation of the nation's credit would give them immunity from petty litigation of this nature.

In the construction of the Dingley bill the representatives of the various interests it is proposed to protect responded most liberally to the "Step up, gentlemen, and help yourselves" invitation.

President McKinley has returned to Washington for another round with the office seekers. He will find them fresh and anxious.

Turn on the Light.

By Frances Willard.

THE man who says "I can carry more liquor than any other drinker in town and yet keep a level head" gives by that claim an inventory of goods already badly damaged. For, since alcohol is presently a brain poison, men of the most steady longest, while genius shrivels under drink like a snow-wreath in the sun. As civilization becomes complex the brain acquires more convolutions to the square inch, and its delicate tissues are torn more ruthlessly by the coarse intruder, alcohol. By parity of reasoning, the more complex a civilization is developed, the more vital it is that those who handle its intricate mechanism shall have all their own keenly-trained powers keyed up to concert pitch. The brain must think with lightning speed, the hand must be steadfast as steel, the pulse must beat strong, yet true, if a great commercial nation is to hold its own with the forces of chemistry, electricity and invention now in the field.

A while ago I visited the Atlantic Cable Company's office at Sydney, Cape Breton Island, where many thousands of telegraphic messages pass over the wires and under the sea each day. Mr. William Edward Earle, who was in charge, a telegraph man of thirty years' experience, showed us about the place. He is himself a capital illustration of what I have here outlined. His skin is of exceeding fineness; his keen blue eyes look like liquid electricity; his movements are as alert as a leopard's.

"That's Berlin," he said, listening to one of the operators; "that's London; that's New York," in the midst of a metallic jargon that would have set a nervous person wild. "Here is Wheatstone's automatic transmitter; there are the Western Union Standard quadruplex (Addison's); we send four messages now upon one wire at the same time, and could send almost any number, the difficulty being in the adaptation of mechanical contrivances to different systems of notation. Here is the automatic repeater; here the new method of insulation; here are eleven cells, constituting our battery; here are the ends of the cables that start from Heart's Content."

Thus he went on, making the modern miracle as plain as language and illustration could to the uninitiated. "In one minute we can send a message to London and receive an answer," he said; "we could do it in less time; indeed, the electric part is done in no time, but you see in New York a man's brain battery must grasp and his hand must transmit the message; that here in Sydney another man must repeat the word of the answer almost before we have transmitted the last word of the message; then at Heart's Content, Newfoundland, a third man takes and gives it; then at Valencia Bay, Ireland, and then in London. But for this repetition the question and answer would be exchanged across five thousand miles in practically no time at all—far more rapidly than human lips could utter it. We have the aorta here, as you have noticed! it is often out in full force. Its appearance on the sky is but a reflection of its movement through the earth. At such times we often throw off all connection with our batteries and use the earth itself as our sufficient base of operations and basis of supply. We are only in the dawn of the electric era, but we have gone so far already that we don't know where we are and can wonder at nothing."

And now comes in our temperance "application." "Mr. Earle," we said, looking round upon the army of young men who were keeping up this fusillade by which distance is demolished; "how is it about the use of alcoholics? Do you employ moderate drinkers, as they are called?"

Swift and staccato came the answer: "Not at all; we must have the brain at its clearest, the hand at its best. We can't afford to have young men that drink."

He went on to say (for this expert electrician is with us heart and soul, and his bright daughter took the Democrat prize the other day that he believed the temperance workers could hardly overestimate the value of the total abstinence cause of the multiplying modern inventions that put such a splendid premium upon teetotalism. And he was right; the sure, slow lift of civilization's tidal waves is with us. It is always better further on. Even as the farmer's crops grow more while he is sleeping, so ten thousand forces are perpetually at work in this great laboratory of the world, to move forward the white car of temperance reform. We who give our whole lives to the movement are hardly more than the weather vane that shows which way the wind is blowing.

And best of all, that blessed principle, the correlation of forces, makes it certain that personal total abstinence means prohibition law and prohibition politics; the man who doesn't drink is glad to help vote out the drunk shops, and has, as a rule, come to the clearer vision that since women are, as a class, total abstainers, their votes can, as a rule, be counted on to help put the liquor traffic under the ban of law.

Let us, then, rejoice and take courage; the electric light fights against the Sissera of rum; every witty invention, every intricate machine, every swift-moving engine, hastens the dominance of Him upon whose shoulders shall yet be a government "into which shall enter nothing that defileth, neither whatsoever loveth and maketh a lie."

Hoist with His Own Petard.
(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

St. Peter—"What name?"

Candidate—"Dingley, sir, Dingley, of Maine."

St. Peter—"What can we do for you, Mr. Dingley?"

"I want to get in."

"Didn't you notice the poster on the fence? Candidates applying for entrance after the tenth day of the month will be obliged to lay over until the first of the following month."

"But couldn't you date my admission card back to the tenth?"

"No, Mr. Dingley. The 'retrospective clause' doesn't work in this vicinity—good-morning, sir."

Bad Habit in Woman.
(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

"It's an awful thing to have a wife who is addicted to puns," said the book-nosed man.

"I assure it is," said the man with the puffs under his eyes, noncommittally.

"For instance, my wife took occasion to remind me that once I had said I would stand between her and every blast. I said I supposed I had said some good thing of that kind, and she says to me that she guessed I was livin' up to it, as mighty few rocks ever come her way. See? Makin' a pun on blazin' rocks. Do you catch it?"

"Yes," said the man with the puffs under his eyes.

Age vs. Gear.
(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

"Think of Gladstone riding a wheel at eighty-seven."

"So, that's goin' to it. My boy Jim rides one at sixty-five."

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Academy of Music..... Brian Bonn (Kalekbocker). The Seconded
Blind..... Courted Into Court (Kiefer & Ruff). Gayest Jambhant
Broadway Theatre..... Wives of the Wives (Madison Square Garden). Barnum & Bailey
Columbia Theatre..... A Boy Wanted (Murray Hill). East
Casino..... The Wedding Day (Metropolitan Opera House). East
Edison Theatre..... A Boy Wanted (Murray Hill). East
Empire..... Under the Red Robe (People's Theatre). In Hogan's Alley
Edon Music Hall..... World of Woe (Pastor's Theatre). Nashville
Fifth Ave. Theatre..... Toss of the d'Erbevilles (Pleasure Palace-Music Hall). 1:30 P. M.; 7
Grand Opera House..... The Girl from Paris (P. M.)
Harlem Opera House..... Toddhead (William St. Theatre). A Lion's Heart
Heller's 14th St. Museum..... Never Again (Proctor's). 23d St.-Continuous News to 11
Garlick Theatre..... The Girl from Paris (P. M.)
Continental Performance (Weber & Fields). Under the Red Globe

WEATHER FOR TO-DAY—Fair, followed by cloudy weather; northerly winds, becoming variable.

THE YELLOW KID SEES
THE GERMAN KAISER.

BILLY, April tent—I gess I'd rather be d' kizer uv Johnniny dan be a biskit kop, 'cause w'y? he don't hav nuthin' but fun. I hav fun sum-times too but Mrs. Hoolihan makes me go t' bed at 9 o'clock wile d' kizer c'n stay up all nite if he likes o how I wish I wuz him.

enwyy he's all rite an' wotever I hav he c'n hav. He wuz neerly parilized w'en he seen he waukin' inter d' pallis 'cause he wuzn't expekkin' me. ach du leebler Mickey he eride welcum t' Johnniny how did je get her? o I had passes. I sed. an' woddie ye t'ink uv me empire? d' monnark askt.

Billy I sed I'll be frank wid ye. dat's rite sed d' kizer tell me jest wot's in yer sole. so den I sed Billy, I sed, d' grate ruble wot d' madder wid dis layout is dat ye ain't got no laws. w'y Billy, over in our country we ain't got no kizer but say we c'n giv ye cards an' spades an' beet ye all holler on laws.

dat's so sed d' monnark wid a sty. Dere's d' zar I sed. Jest look at 'im. He's got laws t' boln. watever ye go ye stack up against his laws, but I've been travellin' all over dis game uv Jounn an' ye ain't got nuthin'. w'y say, a feller c'n get a drink enny time he's got a toist an' d' price. w'y don't he get a rines law?

w'y don't he make yer kops say move on? woddie ye let d' noos-papers print pitchers fer? Billy I sed I giv ye my wold dat I seen ten groseary s' t'ours open las' Sunday. w're's yer law?

wel say d' teers roiled down dat monnark's face. Mickey he c'n replide ye've tuteched me on me wote spot, how often hav I ride t' make all d' kids in town go t' bed at 4 p. m. an' make d' people drifick sasspriller on Sunday, der wot don't hav it. I've ride me best but in vane.

can't he bluf 'em? I susjested, no, Mickey he replide, I'm afrade uv a sho down. I ride t' get teddy an' Raney an' Bill t' cum over t' help me out but dey wuzn't. dey sed dey had 2 soft a sitch waze dey wuz. wel I did me best t' cheer 'im up but d' kizer wuz all broke up over wot I toled 'im.

But say, it's awful. d'ye kno, I stood on d' corner neerly an' hour yesturdy till a kop cum along an' den I sed t' 'im say boss wud ye mind askin' me t' move along. I feel homesick, but d' mug took off his hat an' bowed an' sed if I'd wate a minnit he'd eaul a curly, o I wish I wuz back in Noo Yaurk.

P. S. say, how's Mr. Pulitzer?

THE JESTER'S CHORUS.

Mr. Hiland—Wasn't it singular that Canton, Ohio, should go Democratic at the municipal election?

Mr. Halket—Not at all. The Canton Republicans were all at Washington trying to get of Bee.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

"Ah, yes," said the soulful young man, "I see signs of Spring on every hand nowadays."

"Why, I didn't know you'd noticed it," declared the landlady, as she threw a shawl over the horseshoe lounge, through the seat of which a long spiral of heavy wire had worn its way.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Judge—Prisoner, stand up. You admit that this woman is your wife, and that you gave her that black cow. Now, what justification for such conduct have you to offer?

Prisoner—She told me that the wheel I rode was no good.

Judge—What kind do you ride?

Prisoner—The Flying Jib.

Judge—Discharged. That's the kind I've got.—Cleveland Leader.

The new arrival joined the crowd.

"May I ask what is going on?" he inquired of a native.

"You may. We're hangin' a feller for stealin' a wheel."

"But don't you think that's a pretty tough punishment for a rather simple crime?"

"Simple crime? Why, good Lord, stranger, it was a 'br' model!"

And the tight rope performance proceeded.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Horrible! Abominable!" exclaimed the musical critic of the Daily Herald. "A singer who doesn't know any better than to render a love song as if it were the howl of a lost spirit deserves death!"

And he got out of bed, raised the window, peered forth into the darkness, and threw a heavy paper-weight with all his might at a miserable cat that was pouring out its soul in song on the backyard fence.—Chicago Tribune.

"Madam," said the conductor of the cable car, "don't you see that sign? It says 'Passengers must not talk to the motorman.'"

"What?" exclaimed the madam; "I guess you don't know who I am, young man. I'm his wife!"

And the conductor forgot to shake down three fares. He was so confused.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

"No, it is not true that he belongs to one of the first families. Why, if I remember aright, his mother was his father's fourth wife and his father was his mother's sixth husband, at least. First families! The very idea!"

There are many things in heaven and earth, especially if you include Hammond, Ind.—Detroit Journal.

"Old man, you seem worried."

"Worried is no name for it. Brown is coming around at 4 o'clock to pay me \$15."

"Think he may not come?"

"Oh, he'll come all right; but Jones is due at 4:15 to try to collect \$10 I owe him. Suppose he ain't got here just as I was being paid by Brown?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Did you hear about Hawkins getting smothered in his morning's mail?"

"Crudeous, no; how did it happen?"

"He advertised for the names of persons contemplating the purchase of a bicycle."—Chicago Record.

"As to this latest South American complication of Uncle Sam's," remarked Rivers, "it will be found that the Peruvian bark is a great deal worse than his bite."

"Yes—quinine or ten times," observed Brooks.

And they glowered at each other and made threats.—Chicago Tribune.

"Mrs. Skimmills says that her husband never spoke a nasty word to her in his life," said the lady who gossip.

"That's perfectly true," replied Miss Cayenne. "The dear man stutters."—Washington Star.

"Mr. Skids seems to have taken a great liking to that young woman."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "She is very clever. You observe how dimly bald-headed Mr. Skids is?"

"Yes."

"She criticised the style in which he wears his hair."—Washington Star.

"Joe keeps his wife and mother-in-law mad at him half the time."

"What vexes them so?"

"He calls them his Board of Lady Managers."—Chicago Record.

"Then why did you encourage me?" he demanded, fiercely.

Tears sprang to her eyes.

"Pray, forgive me," she entreated. "I know I got mad when you asked me to be your wife and told you never to speak to me again, but I am sorry. I do not love you now. I don't believe I loved you even then. I was thoughtless. Can you not forgive me? May we not part friends?"—Detroit Journal.

The Common Impulse.

"Of course," said the importer, "perfection is beyond the bounds of human expectation."

"To be sure," replied the statesman.

"It is unreasonable to look for a tariff that will be absolutely flawless."

"Wholly unreasonable."

"And so long as there must be defects"—

"Yes."

"I thought that I might as well do what I could to have them benefit me instead of somebody else."—Washington Star.

One Had to Go.
(Indianapolis Journal.)

"By the way, I see that Hobbs, who ran away with Jarley's wife, has come back to town."

"Yes. We dropped Jarley from the club rolls yesterday. It would be so embarrassing to have them both there, you know."

A Moment with
the Chappies.

WHEN chappiedom read yesterday that young Elliott Shepard had married the bewitching Mrs. Potter, it elevated its eyebrows and shrugged its shoulders. It was surprised; but on reflection it felt that it should not have been.

Chappiedom knew Mrs. Potter. At least that part of chappiedom that chases the lobster to his lair in the all-night restaurants knew her. For Mrs. Potter appeared to believe in the hygienic theory, so ardently advocated by certain latter-day physicians, that it is an evil thing to go to bed on an empty stomach. She indulged in late suppers, just as fifty thousand other New Yorkers do, and as she was usually accompanied by one of the swagger set, the others came to know her.

Chappiedom also knew young Shepard. It was aware that he was impressionable, and his record showed that he was likely to be precipitate on occasions.

When he was seen driving or dining with Mrs. Potter, therefore, chappiedom smiled. Chappiedom always smiles when it sees a "broiler" trying his first wings. It even grinned when the young gentleman went accounting, as it were, in a four-in-hand brake. And yet, somehow or other, it never seemed to think of matrimony as an outcome of the combination.

That is where young Shepard had the laugh on his fellow chappies. He was in earnest; when they thought he was only fooling.

In discussing the matter yesterday there was the usual cynicism, mixed with ostentatious compassion for the illustrious family of the bridegroom.

For my part, I can't see the justification for any such attitude. It's all very well to talk about a mesalliance, but I have no doubt that the Wigginses of Greenport, of which family the bride of Saturday was born, has quite as wide-spreading and deep-rooted a genealogical tree as the Shepards. And when it comes to collateral branches the Potters are every bit as proud, though not as rich, as the Vanderbilts.

Moreover, if it were a mesalliance, has not the British aristocracy, which we ape so persistently and energetically, established precedent on precedent for such unions? If earls and dukes can do that sort of thing, why shouldn't we?

What is very much more to the point, in my opinion, however, is that the seven years' seniority of the bride over the bridegroom in this case is just what young Mr. Shepard needs. That means wisdom and experience, of which essentials to solid and respectable citizenship young Mr. Shepard has not yet had time to acquire his full share by any other means than matrimony.

Now, under the guiding hand of Mrs. Shepard, who is a woman of brains as well as beauty, I shall be surprised if the diversified anxiety of irresponsible youth is not swiftly metamorphosed into that Sabatian sobriety that is so suggestive of the name of Shepard.

Therefore, instead of becoming red-eyed in sympathy with the disapproving kin of young Mr. Shepard, I would ask the privilege of extending glad congratulation to the beautiful bride and her youthful bridegroom.

All talk about restoring the Patriarchs' ball to that glory which characterized it under the management of Ward McAllister is today no talk.

In the first place, there is no man in society who would have the tenacity to assume the position occupied by McAllister. In the second place, society wouldn't tolerate any such assumption.

Mention has been made of T. Sanford Beale as a possible successor to McAllister. Beale has been successful in arranging and looking after the entertainments given by the Calvin Brees, but that is an altogether different matter. If Beale were to undertake to do the McAllister act he would become the laughing stock of the town.

The truth is that New York society has become so kaleidoscopic in its groupings that an individual head, man or woman, is now an impossibility. Any assumption of authority would be resented. That is what caused the Patriarchs to disband. It will prevent reorganization on the old lines.

New York is not astonished that "Bob" Neville is in trouble again with the Metropolitan Club, of Washington. Mr. Neville's record indicates that he is not a clubbable man, except in the police sense, and then subjectively rather than objectively.

His suspension of five years is the direct result of a row he had in the club rooms several months ago with Frank and "Rob" Beard, of Brooklyn, who were guests.

A controversy arose over some trifling question, and quickly grew so hot that the club's crockery was used to emphasize the arguments. Then came a free fight, and one of the victors was materially damaged.

The club has had the matter of Neville's discipline in hand ever since. A chance was given to the offender to resign, but he refused flatly, and claimed that he had been suspended with injustice. Then followed the suspension, which carries with it the necessity for him to pay his dues—\$50 a year—although he may not now even enter the building.

Neville's friends are at work to secure a remission of the penalty, and hope to succeed. Meantime the wing-wary dove of peace has perched within the portals of the Metropolitan.

No recent happening has amused the chappies more than the testimony adduced in the supplementary proceedings against Mr. Alexander Morten, of the Racquet and Whist clubs, two institutions suggestive of billiards and cards, at both of which Mr. Morten is clever as an amateur.

When the list of those whom Mr. Morten had "trounced" in his off-hand but irresistible way had been read there was general and gleeful exclamation, for there was evidence in that list of the powerful per suasiveness of Mr. Morten.

Most of the chappies in town, and especially those of the "horsey" set, knew Morten by sight, but I doubt if there were a dozen that could have told anything about him further than that he was English. He was a familiar figure on the race track, and otherwise gave evidence of a sporting tendency that is reason enough for his present predicament.

All in all, as I look back over the last dozen years, I think Morten did remarkably well to keep out of the clutches of supplementary proceedings as long as he did.

He must have had a hard Winter and banked a bit too heavily on the return of general prosperity. At that I venture to predict that he will be at the track on Brooklyn Handicap day and have a small wager on the big race.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.